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And so sweet a prayer He prayed
That the gentle Father bade
A dead robin live again,
That her cold eggs might be made
Singing creatures free and fain,
Unafraid.

Little Christ a-sleeping
Fell and dreamed a dream.
Birds of feather and of clay
At the dying of the day
Came and sang to Him.
Sparrows chirped a merry note,
But one mother-robin's throat
Shrilled of death and holy rood.
Was it ill or was it good,
Such a dream ?

THE FAERY FOOL.

If I'm the Faery fool, Dalua—
Ay me, the Faery fool !
How do I know what the rushes say,
Sighing and shuddering all the day
Over their shadowy pool ?
How do I know what the North Wind cries
Herding his flocks of snow ?
The menace that lies in the Hunter's eyes
How do I know ?

If I'm the Faery fool, Dalua—
Ay me, the Faery fool !
I cry to them that sent me here
To laugh and jest, to geck and fleer,
To scorn at law and rule :
" *Why did ye also give to me
Beauty and peace to know,
The ears to hear and the eyes to see
And the hands that let all go ?* "

I cry to them that bade me jest :
" *Why made ye me so slight,*

*And put a heart within my breast,
 An evil gift, an evil guest,
 To spoil me for delight?
 Made for mere laughter, answer why
 Must I have eyes for dool?
 Take from me tears, or let me die,
 For I am sick of wisdom, I,
 Dalua, the Faery fool."*

NIAM.

Mouth of the rose and hair like a cloud—
 After my feet the wind grows loud :
 The red East Wind whose rumor has gone
 From Tir-nan-Og* to Tir-na-Tonn.†
 Under my feet the windflower grows,
 After my feet the shadows run,
 Over my feet the long grass blows.
 All things hail me and call me on
 Out of the darkness into the sun,
 Love and Beauty and Youth in one.

Under my feet the windflower grows.
 Men called me Niam when first arose
 My splendid star : but what now ye call
 Me, do I heed if I hear at all ?
 Look in my eyes—are they gray or blue ?
 They are the eyes that the Fenians knew,
 When out of the sunshine, into the shade,
 I called to Oisín, and he obeyed.
 Across Fíonn's banner my dark hair flew,
 And safe in its leash my love I drew.

I called to Oisín and he obeyed—
 Out of the sunshine into the shade,
 Though the words were out and the warhorns blew
 And wisdom and pride my voice gainsaid.
 But a hundred years, or a thousand years,
 I kept my lover from hopes and fears—
 In Druid dark on my arm he slept.
 Shall I not keep men even as I kept ?

* The Country of Youth.

† The Land under the Sea.